Ball Wit Me

Trina

Ball with me playboy
What's stoppin' you?
You got a case of Cris
You need to pop a few
Look here I'll pop a few
If you pop a few
Nigga I'll buy the bar from 1 to 2
Look here I'll buy the bar from 2 to 4
You know this pimp shit, easy
It's beautiful
Roll with me playa
What's stoppin' you?
You got a case of Cris
You need to pop a few
Spittin game to a stallion
Sippin' on half a gallon
Ice medallion, iceburg Italian
Handlin' knots in the gamblin' spots
Gettin' loose with a twenty pack handlin' blocks
Hit a nigga in the head with the stainless steel
Slaning packs while the Po-po's changin' shifts
Caked up at the bar, nigga let all them hoes
It's the adominal snowman, everything frozen
Gettin' off glass with the Crissy crunk
Got three, four dike bitches pissy drunk
Got them hoes kissin' cunts and twistin' blunts
When them hoes get ghost I don't miss them stunts
Cause I pick up sluts in pickup trucks
Put dick down your throat bitch, hiccup nuts
Bitch what? I'mma give you some play
Out the exotic player clique and that 2-4-K
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What's stoppin' you?
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You need to pop a few
Uh hoes envy, draped in a coat, fit me
In the Rolls Bentley sittin' on twenties
Hot girl, accent those
Dressed with stones, nigga caress my toes
Hoes wanna test my flows
Bitch let me be
I ain't chose the game ho
The game chose me
But yes froze me, rocks in my rosary
Sippin' Don P, the bar on me
All my girls drink Cris, think this
You a courdoroy ho, I'mma a mink bitch
So go on 'bout your business
Lick nuts, drink dicks
Your old tired ass, still draggin', freak bitch
Who's bad?
So I stay fitted
You wanna test Trina
Come on play with it
I know y'all wanna take my place
Cause I'm cute in the face
Phat in the ass, slim in the waist, uh
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While y'all niggas spittin' the glock
I be ticklin' twat
Triplin' knots to see the villas and yachts
Call all the killas ya got

Bitches I'll clock a kill if I drop
Drink for my cot, cop me a Linc and a drop
Makin' a rock, and same day drill up your block
But on the flip side, why ya hate me?
Cause I'm gettin' head in England
No wedding ring band
Out the XL I creep in the four dot six van
Leave you in the dirt like it's quicksand
You mad cause you never brawl like you a six man
What is you foolish?
Hit you with the metal leave you clueless
Now you on the dash like Stacey
All actin' crazy, cause your main bitch wanna masturbate me
Do me R. Kelly, drink half my babies
Go ahead bitch, indulge, taste it, still hate me
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